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Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Among American poets Longfellow is ranked as the most popular. Eminently equipped both by natural endowment and by social and scholastic culture, he entered the ranks of literature at the age of twenty-five, or soon thereafter, while serving as professor of modern languages and literature in Bowdoin College. His first productions were in prose, but his poetical talents were soon revealed and thenceforward he became a continual contributor to verse.

Highly favored in the possession of ample means, Longfellow enjoyed leisure far above that of many of his contemporaries. Expansive culture and extensive foreign travel greatly enhanced his facilities, and afforded him opportunity for the accomplishment of immense results. And it may be added that his accomplishments were commensurate with his advantages. The fame which he enjoys throughout Europe and America attests his superiority as a poet.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
Born Feb. 27, 1807.—Died March 24, 1882.

Longfellow is, beyond doubt, the greatest of the poets of America. His breadth of sympathy, his sweep and variety of acquisition, his vivid imagination, the music and weight of his verse and the poise, gentleness, purity of his character make him a favorite with two continents of Anglo-Saxons.

Comprehensive and varied as his verse is, it possesses the charm of being universally intelligible. Combining delicacy of touch with unity of thought in many of his short poems, Longfellow has made them gems in the universal literature of the English tongue. The memory of the rhythm and sentiment of such minor poems as the 'Psalm of Life,' 'The Light of the Stars,' 'The Village Blacksmith,' and others, is most pleasing. Short as these poems are, they are symmetrical of structure, as 'Evangeline' and 'Hiawatha.' Two of his poems, 'Maidenhood' and 'Endymion' especially denote the exquisite flavor, softness, and refinement of Longfellow's imaginative faculty. Their lack of popularity is due to the subtle forces which inhere within them.

The ability of Longfellow to reflect, by means of word imagery, a scene, a spot, an occasion, or a person, is unexcelled. This power is one of his chiefest. It is probably impossible for any poet to accomplish this so successfully without his perception of objects being manifold over that of the reader. The metrical sphere of Longfellow was a broad one. His wonderful ability to adjust metre to special subjects gives to him the artistic mastery of sound to support vision in the combination of which elements he pleases both the eye and the ear.

Though possessing gifts of a very high order, Longfellow is not so exquisitely talented as are some others. Whence, then, his universal popularity? It is due to the fact that his chosen themes are of general interest, and that he has wrought within the range of ordinary thought and sentiment. This has caught the public eye and won the general heart. He addresses the sympathies along the avenues of ordinary approach and throws around trite thought a mystic charm of loveliness. He raises the kindly affections, the moral sentiments, the joys, regrets, aspirations, loves, and wishes of the heart from the ordinary, sorrow beaten ways of action and gives to them a gladness and sunniness as they move along the ways marked out by the subtle genius of the poet. There is an accommodation of genius to the peculiar demands of each subject as well as to its application to those to whom it is addressed. His poems 'God's Acre,' and 'The Village Blacksmith' are invested with a rugged grandeur befitting the theme and the thought. On the other hand, where can be found a more delicate creation than is seen in his 'Maidenhood?' He takes with him to the performance of each separate task a power that is not strained or that is not the least artificial, but that is equally superior in character, in the numerous applications of his genius, to the subjects that claim his poetic attention. This serves to impart to his verse a pleasant sweetness that elevates while it woos, and stimulates while it charms.

Milton's ideal poet is impersonated in Longfellow—his life itself was a poem. His dignity and grace, the majesty of his bearing, the simplicity of his life, manners and even the deftness of his garb made him a living, moving poem. No harsh word fell from his lips, and not one is found in the varied range of his productions. Himself was a type of his own tranquil and healthful verse. The highest expression of courtesy, gentleness, sincerity, and manly beauty were embodied in the life and character of Longfellow. That life was pictured in the flow of the river Charles which rolled in full view of the poet's Cambridge home. Of that stream he sang in symbolic song:—

'Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
'Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me like a tide;
And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw the waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.'

His longer poems are not always great; really, they are of very unequal merit. His 'Hiawatha,' which excited profound admiration at first, came at last to be regarded, or at least much of it, as mere platitudinous prose. It has long ago ceased to be regarded as a picture of Indian life and character. Likewise his 'Golden Legend,' while it contains many beautiful passages, has not the elements that will make it permanently a great work. Longfellow excels in his lyrics. These are the poems that probe to the heart of humanity and create melody

in the soul. Doubtless his future fame will rest upon the short, exquisitely simple expression that speaks for the weary heart and aching brain of humanity. His marvellous simplicity and exquisite naturalness stand in marked contrast with most that preceded him in the literature of his native region. It is doubtful if any poet of the age surpasses him in airy grace, elegance, melody, pathos, and naturalness. His essential qualites are familar emotion, clear thought, pure aspiration, and simple melody. When he passed from the scene of action he was mourned alike upon two continents. England honored his memory with a bust in Westminster Abbey.—Prof. B. F. Riley, D.D., in 'The Standard.'

A Strange Tea-Drinking.

When Richard Trevor left college and entered his father's firm as junior partner, he brought with him eager purposes for improving the condition of the large number of men employed in their extensive ironworks. At Cambridge he had, happily for himself, got into the best 'set,' regarding it not so much from a social as from a moral standpoint—young fellows who were sensible enough to find the truest enjoyment of the life that now is, by linking it with the life that is to come, and with the loyal service of him who can indeed teach his followers to make the best of both worlds.

So Richard and his companions, never having headache in the morning as a residuary legacy from wine-suppers overnight, were ready for vigorous mental efforts during the day; and their leisure being divided between athletics and the philanthropic and Christian work which now takes so conspicuous a place in the best type of university life, they were happy and jolly, as those will surely be who have a conscience void of offence towards God and man, and who 'save their life' for all pure joy by 'losing it' in the discipline of generous self-sacrifice.

Best of all, Richard had a vitalising belief in the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, and in his new position in the works he desired, above all else, that the men should be helped to habits, not only of sobriety and thrift, but of godliness.

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor were worthy, well-meaning people who had freely given to their son the advantages of education that had been denied to themselves, and were exceedingly proud of him as 'a perfect gentleman,' and altogether 'a wonderful young fellow.' But they could not but think some of his ideas impractical and impossible. Nevertheless, he was allowed a free hand in all his schemes, and he worked eagerly in the establishment of benefit societies, temperance-clubs, a Band of Hope for the children, and even a Sunday-school, in which he himself taught.

There was opposition, of course, and some discouragement, but the more thoughtful and serious among the men gave thankful co-operation. Soon came a proposition from some of them that the out-building, used for a Sunday-school, should also be utilized for a mission service on a Sunday evening. Richard was delighted, and threw himself heartily into the plan, but his father demurred. 'Your mother and I have always found the parish church good enough for us, Richard, and I think it might do for our work-people as well. I do not like innovations—they are

DANGEROUS, MY BOY, DANGEROUS!

'But, father, the men will not go to the church; and if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, then, you know, Mahomet must go to the mountain.'

Mr. Trevor did not know, but Richard's remark sounded clever, and as usual he had his way, and a simple, earnest service was conducted by himself, or by any lay help that he could secure; and very soon conversions took place, and men and their wives became new creatures in Christ Jesus. Perhaps there is no passion that grows with a keener appetite than the passion for saving souls, and Richard Trevor soon became so thoroughly possessed by it that he was continually on the alert—by prayer and effort—to bring one and another of the men under Gospel influence.

But in one direction he was utterly baffled, and that, too, by a man in whom he took a special interest, for he was one of his father's oldest servants, and a most competent workman, but so stolid and unapproachable as to set all friendly advances at defiance. Richard found, from sundry pitying remarks let fall by the men, that Jim Haigh's wife was a poor manager, and his home life uncomfortable, and the fact that, in spite of this, he was not at all given to public-house visitation, gave him a strong claim on his young master's sympathy.

But, try as he would, Richard could get no nearer to Jim, and all his invitations to the mission service met with an almost surly refusal. At length his intense concern for Jim prompted him to bold measures.

'Now, look here, Haigh,' he said one Saturday at pay-time, 'I want you to come to-morrow night to hear a friend of mine who is taking the service, and I've been thinking that it would be pleasanter for you to have company, so I will look in at your house to-morrow afternoon; and, if your wife will give me a cup of tea, we can go together afterwards.'

Jim smiled a strange, perplexed smile as he glanced at the well-dressed man before him, and pictured him as a guest at his table; but he was manifestly touched by the brotherliness of the proposal, and in an unusually softened voice he mumbled something about his house

NOT BEING FOR THE LIKES OF GENTRY,

and then he slouched away without further remark.

This was not encouraging; but, nothing daunted, Richard presented himself next day at the door of Jim's cottage, which was easily distinguishable from its neighbors by a general aspect of untidiness and neglect. I am sketching from life in telling of his comfortless reception by the palpably ashamed husband and the slatternly wife. But Richard Trevor's kindliness and courtesy won the day, and all the womanliness of Mrs. Haigh's nature was roused to do honor to the unwonted guest. But the entertainment was a severe test to Richard's powers of adaptation.

The tea was spread, without cloth, on a not over-clean table. The bread and butter, in huge hunks, was, to say the least, not tempting; but by far the most unlooked-for feature of the repast was that one very large mug, filled with tea, had to do duty as the only drinking vessel for the whole party, which included several children! Fortunately, it was passed first to the guest, who took an ample draught, which he made an excuse for not repeating when the receptacle was replenished and handed to him again.

But that meal, repellant as it was to fastidious tastes, was the turning-point in Jim Haigh's life. My informant, who personally knew the circumstances, told of Jim going that night to the House of God in company with his self-invited guest; and very soon afterwards both he and his wife received the Saviour himself into their home. And then followed such a complete and blessed reformation in their domestic life that now Richard Trevor, or any other gentleman, might take a meal there without a single shock to any sense of propriety.—M. C. France, in 'The Christian.'

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of June 19:—

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.
Undesignated.

Previously acknowledged	$250.65
Archie Gow and Maxwell Trenholm.	1.00
Grange Hall Appointment Woodhouse	.70
Mack	5.00
James Lowe	2.00
Junior Room, West Side Public School, Thorold	1.00
Collected by Miss Irene Smith and Miss Ella Wright, in Enderby, B.C.	100.00
Mrs. W. H. Cassidy	5.00
Margaret Murray Gibb	1.00
Waterloo Y.W.C.T.U.	17.32
Mrs. M. M. Trask	2.50
S. Kerr	1.00
Subscriber, Ontario	1.00
Wm. McKillop	5.00
R. W. Wilson	1.00
Mississippi Division Sons of Temperance, Scotch Corners, Ont.	5.00
Collected in Lakefield, Shrewsbury Dunany Churches	4.67
Woodville, N.S.	1.00
Mrs. Hugh Blair	1.00
J., Martintown	1.00
Collection Sunday school, Yearley	.50
H.B.F.	.50
A Friend	.40
J. W. Fordham	10.00
George Wade	5.00
James Edmond	5.00
Mrs. Wm. Paton	10.00
Friend, Montreal	1.00
G. A. Farmer	10.00
Mrs. Hayr	4.00
Mary Dell	1.00
G. H. Carter	1.00
Anonymous, Brockton, Mass.	1.00
Austin Kyle	.50
A Friend, Somerset	1.00
Miss M. I. Peebles	2.00
W.P.K.	2.00
H. Bonis	1.00
Lew. G. Thomson	2.00
Minnie Laroque	.50
Louis C. Wurtele	.50
Mrs. Alex. Gardner	1.00
Mrs. Paul Jenkins	1.00
Mrs. A. M. Elford	1.00
Mrs. R. E. Elford	1.00
R. T. Elford	1.00
Pupils of the Papineauville school	1.82
Alex. M.	2.00
Carrie Bossert	.50
Earl Bossert	.20
Freddie Bossert	.25
Lena Rinker	.15
Hazel Davidson	.05
Mabel Eastman	.04
Vernie Eastman	.01
Benj. Coleman	.25
Frankie Miller	.07
Harrison Miller	.02
Lorne Dair	.02
Earl Eastman	.12
Frankie Sutton	.10
Grace Roy	.01
Maud Eastman	.05
E. V Augustine	.45
	$2.35
	$477.41
Less divided in proportion to designated amounts received as follows:	
To Canadian Presbyterian Mission	$98.56
To Christian Alliance Mission.	92.79
To Methodist Episcopal Mission	8.10
To American Board of Missions	24.74
To Southern India Famine F'd	26.04
	250.65
Total	$226.76

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.
Christian Alliance Mission in Gujerat.

Previously acknowledged	$2,371.25
Collected by Miss Mabel Tanner, Qu'Appelle Station, Assa.—	
Fred. R. Blackeney	8.00
Upton Brackenridge	2.00
A. Dale	.50
Miss L. Bell	.50
R. Longpre	.25
Mrs. L. G. Bell	5.00
H. J. Hasned	.25
L. G. Bell	1.00
Herbert Boyce	1.00
Total	18.50
W. D. Leckie	2.00
Collection Crewson's Corners Methodist Sunday school	6.00
Miss Ethel Hunt's class, Carlisle Sunday school	1.80
Part of undesignated amounts	92.79
Total	$2,492.34

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN DEUTERONOMY.

July 1, Sun.—The Lord thy God is with thee.

July 2, Mon.—Fear not.

July 3, Tues.—God is he that goeth before you to fight for you.

July 4, Wed.—Put evil away from among you.

July 5, Thurs.—That which is gone out of thy lips thou shalt keep and perform.

July 6, Fri.,—Thou shalt not oppress an hired servant.

July 7, Sat.—The Lord thy God redeemed thee.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Moonbeams.

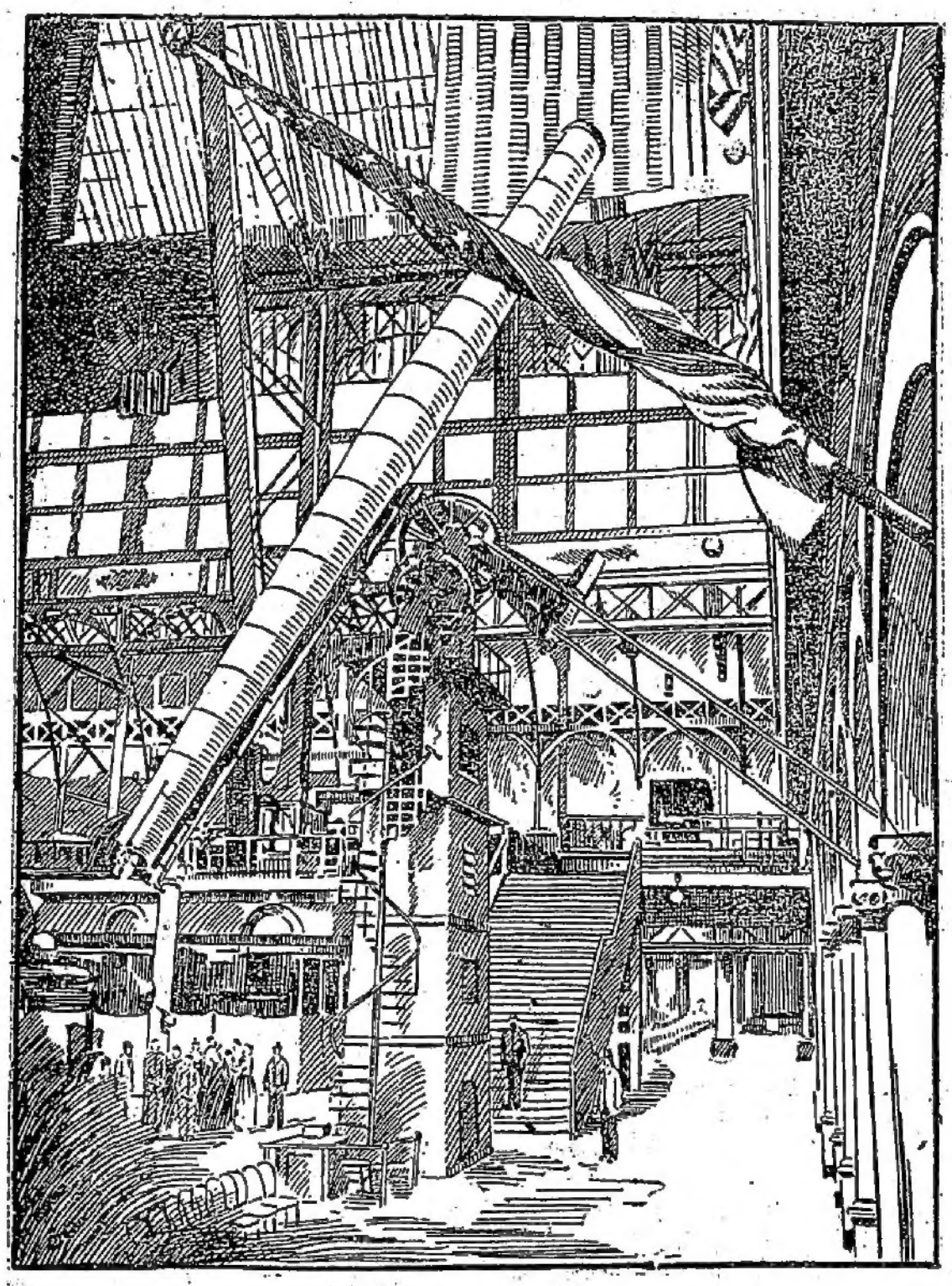
(By Agnes Giberne, author of 'Sun, Moon, and Stars,' etc., in 'Home Words.')

We all know the 'Lady Moon'—round-faced, and pale, calm and distant, yet most faithful to us. She never wanders away; never seeks another travelling companion in her long wanderings through the depths of space. True, she keeps her distance, and if at no time very far away, she is also at no time very close. But we may always count upon this neighbor of ours, for she is most regular in her habits, and she never fails to put in an appearance at the expected hour. If we do not see her, that is our fault, not hers—the fault of earth-mists, which rise and shut off her gentle shining, not any failure in that shining itself!

One would rather have her steadfast and dependable light, however chilly in kind, than the will-o'-the-wisp flash of a passing meteor, or the erratic and uncertain visits of a comet. Through countless ages the moon has been our moon. Not Jupiter's moon, not Venus's moon, nor Mars's moon, but Earth's own particular private possession. Not even the Sun's moon in any distinctive sense, further than that the moon, like the earth, is a planet of the solar system; and all planets of the solar system belong to the sun.

We are rather apt to think and to speak of the sun and the moon together because to us the one is king of day; the other is queen of night; and to our vision the two appear to be very much of the same size. In reality, there is an extraordinary difference between them, as to size and as to importance. The sun is to all his planets, more or less, what he is to us. The moon is to us what she is to no other heavenly body in the whole universe. The sun is so enormously large, the moon exceedingly small. Only the moon being very near, and the sun very distant, they occupy about the same space in our sky, when looked upon from the surface of the earth.

Our moon is a round globe, about two thousand miles from one side to the other, straight through the centre. A piece of tape six thousand miles long would wrap round the moon's body, the two ends just about meeting. But to make a globe the size of our earth, you would need nearly fifty moons, and to make one sun such as our sun, you would require many millions of moons.



THE YERPKES TELESCOPE, LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

The moon's distance from us is not always exactly the same. She travels round and round the earth in an ellipse—that is, in a path of slightly oval shape; and the earth is not precisely in the centre of that oval. So in one part of her month's journey our companion is more than twenty-six thousand miles nearer to us than in another part.

She has no radiance of her own to give. Such brightness as she can bestow is all borrowed. When we look upon the soft gleams of moonlight, we are really looking upon reflected sunlight. Nothing more than that.

Long, long ago, the moon was herself doubtless a little sun, radiant and dazzling; but that is over now. She is cold, lifeless, and seemingly dead. No glowing gases sweep her surface. No raging tornadoes of fire send their gleams earthward. The moon can only act as a mirror, catching and giving forth again such beams as reach her from the sun. That is all.

Everybody knows the moon's features; but not quite everybody, even in this century of education, knows what those markings really are.

The moon's surface is very unlike the earth's surface. Little or no air is to be found there; and apparently no water; and certainly no grass or trees, no animals or men, because for all of these air and water are an absolute necessity. But there are vast craters, and mountain ranges and shadowed depths, and wide plains, which long ago were supposed to be seas—and probably they were very very ancient sea-bottoms, once upon a time under water, though the water has now completely disappeared. The craters are believed to be craters of dead volcanoes, which were once active; and long ages since the moon most likely had an atmosphere, which has nearly vanished. The grey face-markings which we see with the naked eye, are some of those so-called 'seas'—not really seas—between mountains and hollows.

Useful as the moon is to us as a companion, she would hardly do for a summer resort, even if we could manage to cross the gulf of 40,000 airless miles lying between. Not only has the moon no air at all worth mentioning, but also the cold upon her surface, even in blazing sunlight, is believed to be awful; far beyond the utterest chill in earth's most frigid regions.

One mountain on the moon, very much the same height as our earthly Mont Blanc, has received from astronomers the same name. About thirty-nine other lunar mountains, all measured from earth, have proved to be even higher than the said Mont Blanc. But if by any possibility we could spend a little while on the moon, we should find the climbing of those mountains a most easy task. For the moon, being a much smaller body than our earth, has also far less power of attraction; therefore a man's weight on the surface of the moon would be greatly lessened. While here we toil slowly and breathlessly up a mountain, there we should be able to leap from peak to peak, in a manner which no chamois can rival.

Only one side of the moon is visible to us on earth. This is due to the fact that the spinning of our friend on her axis, and her revolution round the earth, are two movements accomplished in precisely the same length of time. If the one were just a little faster than the other, we should then gain views of the moon a'l round, each port in succession, as we do with the sun and our neighbor planets.

Despite the puzzling pathway of the moon we may be sure of one thing—that she is always true in her allegiance to the sun, and always faithful in her friendship for the earth. So far as is possible, under the circumstances of her existence, she gives us light by night, when the sun is out of sight.

Mother.

(Mabel Thurston, in 'The Household.')

It was hot and sultry and muddy—very muddy. Teddy felt as if the red Virginia soil, clinging to his shoes, held iron weights in its sticky masses. He was hungry, too, for there had been delays and confusion in reaching the camp, and the fresh rations had not yet arrived; the boys had eaten the night before on the train the last of those they carried. That was why he was tramping up that endless pine-bordered road.

Teddy wished that he had gone with the other fellows, after all, instead of poking off by himself. So far he had seen nothing but three dark cabins; he pictured the others enjoying a good breakfast at some hospitable farm-house. He began to whistle, not because he was happy.

Suddenly a bend of the road revealed a small house. It was poor and shabby, but exquisitely neat; there was an air of reserve about it, perhaps due to the carefully kept fence which surrounded it. Virginians, as a rule, were not partial to fences. A little bent old man was pulling weeds in the garden. There was a tangle of roses beside the door; their fragrance drifted languidly down to Teddy on the warm air.

The boy's whistle stopped abruptly. He knocked some of the mud from his feet, and marched up to the gate with an air of knowing his own business.

'Good-morning,' he began, cheerfully.

The old man dropped his weeds, and slowly straightened his tired back. Teddy's face, full of persuasiveness, looked across the gate at him.

'Could you give a fellow a little breakfast? he begged. 'We just got into camp this morning, and the rations haven't come, and we're most starved—haven't had anything since last night. I think I've tramped about ten miles trying to find a place where I could buy something; maybe circumstances have warped my power of discriminating judgment, so I won't swear to it, but it seemed ten.'

'I want to know!' the old man answered, in slow wonderment. Then he turned towards the house. 'Mother!' he called.

There was a quick patter of steps, and a little wrinkled old woman appeared at the door.

'What is it, father?' she asked, then saying Teddy her bright eyes twinkled comprehendingly.

'Oh, it's another of the boys!' she exclaimed. 'There ain't any need of your standing outside of the gate that I know on, we don't charge nothing for steps. What is it you want, milk? Or are you jest tired of camp fare? There don't many find us out back in the woods here, but enough have come, so that I know ye!' She shook her head at him in mock displeasure through which her delight shone clearly. Teddy promptly stretching out on the steps laughed back at her.

'You don't know me,' he answered. 'I just got in this morning, and I haven't any camp fare to be tired of—rations haven't come. I've been starving ever since last night. I could eat anything, skin, bones, and all; only just try me!'

The old woman's expression changed to instant solicitude.

'You poor boy!' she cried, indignantly; 'if 'taint a shame to treat you so! Breakfast's over, and dinner ain't cooked, but you shall have all you can eat, sech as 'tis. Jest be patient a little mite longer, and I'll have something ready,' and she hurried away.

'Can't I come, too?' Teddy called, after her disappearing back.

She turned delightedly. 'Well, there who'd a thought it? Come right in and make yourself at home. Mebbe you couldn't wait till I get things set out,' she added, shrewdly.

Teddy grinned his appreciation. 'Mebbe I couldn't,' he answered. 'I don't know as 'twould be safe to try me.'

He followed her about the little kitchen and pantry, as if he had lived there always. When his breakfast was ready, he insisted upon her sitting down with him. The old man came in from the garden, and asked eager questions; he had been in the Civil War, and he had his own ideas about this one. His wife only listened absently, her eyes watching Teddy's plate with keen satisfaction, and then wandering to the bright, eager, boyish face; when they rested there a wistful tenderness brooded in them.

Teddy pushed back his plate at last. 'I never expected to have such a good breakfast again,' he said, 'but I wish you'd let me pay. I didn't mean to sponge on anybody—especially to such an extent,' he added, wth an amused glance over the table.

For answer the old woman trotted into the pantry; she returned in a moment with half a dozen cookies.

'You might jest slip them into your pockets,' she insinuated, gently.

'Say, that's too much!' Teddy protested. His warm heart balanced his carelessness. He had noted many signs of narrow means about the little rooms, but she looked so grieved that he had to pocket them.

'I wish there was anything I could do for you,' he said.

The old woman hesitated. When she spoke it was with tremulous eagerness.

'We had a boy once—he would have been just about your age. He'd have been in the army, too—there wouldn't have been any keeping him; sech a litle fellow as he was for soldier plays! I guess that's why I love the boys so—pa and I both. If—if you'd only come and see us once in a while.' Her voice was wistful and she faltered, feeling she had asked too much, but Teddy caught her worn little hands in a great strong grasp, and looked down into her dim eyes with an earnestness that sat well on his boyish face.

'I'll come, sure,' he answered.

He was true to his word. He did go, and often. He called her 'Mother' one day, and then seeing how it pleased her, he kept it up. He told her he had written home about her, and showed a message in one of his letters his own mother had sent.

'Bless her heart,' 'Mother' cried, tenderly, 'I guess I know how she feels. Tell her that I thank her kindly, and that I take the best care I can of her boy, and try to keep him mended up, and give him enough fresh milk and all to make up for the stuff he eats in camp.'

Teddy laughed. 'I guess she knows all that by this time,' he said. 'If she don't she will soon. I had my picture taken the day I went into the city. It doesn't look like a pining invalid!'

It wasn't very long before the other boys in the company noted Teddy's frequent absences. In the long, monotonous days, there was very little to talk about, and so they talked about Teddy's girl, but Teddy only opposed a smiling face to all their nonsense, and said he was glad that they enjoyed it so much, but he wasn't going to tell them a thing. It would be too much of a pity to leave them nothing to think about.

One day, when he was starting out Carter joined him, and declared that he was going too. Teddy had kept his girl to himself too long; it was about time he introduced his comrades. Teddy wasn't fond of Carter; he tried to shake him off, but, finding that impossible, he faced him with sudden decision.

'Look here,' he said, 'you can come if you want to, but if ever I hear of your making fun of her—'

Carter laughed carelessly. 'Oh, keep cool, Teddy! I don't make fun of the ladies—'tisn't polite!'

'You'd better not!' Teddy retorted, savagely. Plainly he was not inclined to conversation, and, after a few attempts Carter gave it up, and only whistled softly as they strode along. Once he observed that the fair unknown seemed to be a lady of the backwood. Teddy made no response, and the warm, pine-scented silence swept about them.

Mother was out in the garden picking strawberries; she looked up radiantly as she heard the gate click.

'Well, there!' she cried, 'I might 'a' known you'd come in time for the first strawberries. I guessed you scented 'em, didn't you? Or mebbe you don't like strawberries?'

'Maybe I don't!' Teddy returned. 'I—but hold on, I forgot. This is Carter, Mother Fairlee. He was so anxious to see you that I couldn't refuse him. He has shy streaks, when he finds it hard work to think of the proper things to say, but I know you'll overlook a little thing like that,' and Teddy chuckled audibly over Carter's confusion.

But Mother never noticed it. She reached up and patted Carter gently on the shoulder.

'There, there, don't you mind his nonsense,' she said. 'I don't. I saw through him the first time he ever came here begging some breakfast. You're real welcome whenever you're a mind to come, and you don't have to say a word if you don't want to. Look here, Teddy, what are you doing?'

'Going for sugar and cream,' Teddy replied, imperturbably.

'No, you ain't,' she answered, promptly. 'I guess I ain't going to have you mussing round the milk. You sit down and hull those berries, 'less you'll go and hunt up Father. He's over beyond the barn somewheres, and he'd be sorry to miss you,' she added.

'I'll go,' Teddy responded, 'if Carter will excuse me.' He thought to himself that it was better than Carter deserved to be left alone just then, but he could make up on the way home. He swung up the lane whistling cheerily. When he returned with Father, Carter was hulling the last of the berries, while Mother, chattering blithely, was setting a little table out on the porch. Teddy stared in undisguised amazement.

Carter colored—even through his sunburn—and sank into silence, but it was plain that he and Mother were friends even before she told him good-by, saying that she had two boys now.

And, after all, Teddy didn't say anything on the way back to camp. They had left themselves scant time, and had to run for it; only once Carter spoke abruptly.

'You ought to take little Collins there; he's been off his feed for two weeks, and it's nothing but homesickness.'

And Teddy answered quietly: 'I will—I'm glad you told me.' Somehow he didn't dislike Carter as much as he had.

He took little Collins the next week and Carter went, too. He came around with a half shame-faced air and asked if he'd be in the way. He was much more at his ease that time. At night he told the boys that Teddy's girl seemed struck all of a heap when she saw little Collins—that Teddy wasn't in it at all. Little Collins back in the shadow shrank a little at the laughter. Teddy lying lazily in the moonlight, said nothing

The boys laughed and questioned. Finally one asked why she didn't ever visit camp.

'She's going to,' Carter answered. 'She's coming Sunday; I asked her. I don't know why Teddy's been so remiss.'

Teddy looked up sharply at that. When Carter started off he followed him. 'See here,' he said, 'you understand once for all that I won't have any nonsense about 'Mother'.'

Carter looked at him a moment, a strange expression darkening his eyes; then he pushed by roughly. 'Are you a fool?' he asked, 'or do you only think I am one?'

There were many allusions to Teddy's girl the next few days. When Sunday came the boys reminded each other that they must look their prettiest. The camp was always crowded with visitors that day. The men amused themselves by calling each other's attention to various pretty girls and guessing which was Teddy's. There was a snap to the drill that it had lacked for some weeks past; the captain, smiling with approval, never guessed it was due to Teddy's girl.

After dress parade Teddy and Carter disappeared. The boys looked eagerly about; presently they discovered the two. Carter was with a shabby old man, whose bent shoulders were straightening and dim eyes brightening with every step he took. Teddy had given his arm to a little wrinkled woman, with an absurd bonnet and ancient dress.

The men stared at each other in dismay. 'Well, if that ain't a go!' one said, while a second added: 'Boys, he's in earnest,' and a third cried, dramatically: 'Which is Teddy's girl?'

But there was no time to talk. Straight down to them came the litle group, and then —well, then, 'Mother'—absurd bonnet, ancient dress, and all—walked right into the hearts of the boys; then and there the company adopted her. They had seen pretty girls, hundreds of them, and other fellows' mothers—hundreds of them; but this 'mother,' with a heart big enough for all, who looked at each home-hungry fellow as if she loved him especially, they had found no one like Mother in all those weeks. They clustered about her, eager for the dear homely mother phrases; those who couldn't reach her took the old man about, enjoying his keen interest and vivid tales of how 'we' fought. When the old couple finally left a whole group escorted them to the boundary.

That was the beginning. There were few in the company who did not find their way to the cottage after that. Finding the place so poor, they tried not to take gifts from her; but, when she insisted, they tried to make it up to her by gifts of their own, or by sharing the contents of home boxes. She mended for them and lectured them and petted them and dosed them for incipient colds, and watched over them unceasingly. She encouraged them through the long days of waiting, and when sickness came and two of the boys died, how she helped the others then!

So the summer dragged by and the war was ended, and the boys who had served by patience and faithfulness, and seen their dreams of glory fade away before the dull routine of daily camp life, received welcome discharge at last. Mother baked great loaves of cake and asked them over for a last time. They came singly or in groups as they could, and there was not one who did not leave behind him something for Mother. Then they went their different ways, never to meet together again.

But they didn't forget her, even those who did not write. One or two were in the city again and slipped down to see her. At Christmas time letters and gifts thronged to her. The ones that pleased her as much as those from the boys themselves were two or three shy, grateful little notes from their sweethearts, thanking her for her goodness to Charlie or Joe. She beamed all over at those.

'Bless their hearts,' she would say admiringly to Father, 'ain't they happy now!' And, putting her wrinkled old hand on his, she would drift back to years fragrant with memories. Once she looked up suddenly.

'I shouldn't ask any better happiness than we've had, Father,' she said.

And he answered, tenderly, 'I guess not, Mother.'

But when little Collins sent the picture of his baby and wrote her that he and Nellie were going to bring it down to see her in the summer, her joy was complete.

'Just think of that, Father!' she cried, 'Sakes alive, do you remember how homesick he was? I'll warrant he's tickled now!'

But little Collins never carried the baby down. In February there came a broken word from the old man—Mother had gone Home.

A few weeks later a young fellow stopped at the old station—so familiar and yet so strange. The big storehouses built for the camp stood blank and desolate. Empty spaces met his eye where long white streets of tents had been. Already nature was busy, and a tender green growth was springing up over old landmarks. He tried to imagine himself drilling where the grass was, marching now or standing sentry under the big oak with pink-tipped, woolly leaves uncurling to the sun. Why, that was where Mother—he turned away and took the familiar road.

The old man was sitting on the porch; he looked up absently when the gate clicked. The young fellow stopped and something choked in his throat.

'Don't you remember Teddy, Mr. Fairlee?' he cried. Mother would have remembered if it had been twenty years.

But the dim eyes brightened then, and the old man hurried down the steps.

'It's good to see ye,' he cried, eagerly. 'It's the clothes—if you'd come in blue, now! It's real considerate of ye to come,' he repeated.

'I couldn't help it,' Teddy answered. 'We all loved Mother. If I had known I'd have come in time.'

'I didn't know,' the old man cried. 'I thought 'twas jest a cold. I never thought she could go before me—why, I'm ten years older.'

He stopped because his voice was growing uncertain. In a moment he went on steadily.

'I've come to be glad,' he said, quietly. 'It's only a little while for me. I'm glad she wasn't left to be lonesome. Won't you come in, sir?'

'No,' Teddy answered, 'not to-day. Tell me please—she didn't suffer?'

'No, she didn't suffer. She jest sort o' slept away. She spoke of the boys almost the last thing. She said to tell them that she would look for them, every one. She named 'em all over, and counted to be sure and then counted again. There was sixty-three that she called her boys. I should like them all to know—I've been a-meaning to write, but 'tain't easy for me. Mebbe you'll tell them now?'

'I'll tell them; I promise.' Teddy's voice was steady and quiet. He was thinking about Carter—some of them were anxious about Carter. He was glad to have the message to give him.

A silence fell between them. Then Teddy spoke again.

'I have some business in town for a week; then I will come out again, and will you take me there?'

Over the old man's face shot a quiver of pain. 'It's so far,' he said, in a low voice. 'I can't walk; I've only been once since she left me.'

Teddy's hand closed firmly over his. 'You shall go Sunday; I will come for you.'

There really was not much business to do —nearly everything had been done before. There were some letters to be written; they all brought prompt answers. At ten o'clock Sunday morning Teddy drove up to the cottage. The old man came immediately. He held a litle cluster of early violets, their stems carefully tied up in wet paper. When he reached the carriage he stopped, lifted his head eagerly.

'It smells like roses,' he said.

'Look in the back,' answered Teddy.

The old man lifted the cloth over the back of the buggy. oses, hyacinths, lilies, lay there crowding petals against petals; their fragrance smote him in the face—it was like many voices.

'The boys sent them,' Teddy said. 'More than half came from Carter.'

They drove on in silence, but there was no sadness in the silence. All about them was the thrill of new life opening joyously to the sun; it was impossible to believe that 'Mother' did not know and rejoice, too, and, from the beautiful silence where she was waiting, look lovingly down upon her boys.

When they reached the little cemetery Teddy tied his horse, and they stepped softly through the quiet place. Suddenly the old man stopped and turned his tremulous, questioning face towards the other. For at the head of the plain green mound was a low white stone with a name and dates and the simple inscription 'In memory of Mother, by her Boys.'

'They all wanted to do it,' Teddy said, in a low voice.

The old man answered nothing; he laid one knotted hand softly on the stone and stood looking off into the shining distance. There was no sorrow in the uplifted face—only a great gladness; it was as if the veil had worn so thin that behind its shadowy folds he caught a vision of the wonder and mystery of love triumphant and eternal.

Teddy, bending above the grave, laid the flowers gently over the green. He placed Carter's first of all.

A Word for the Mother.

Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile;
Sweet childhood will tarry at best but a while,
And soon they will pass from the portals of home,
The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.

Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle 'Good night!'
The mantle of shadow is veiling the light;
And maybe—God knows—on this sweet little face
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it: 'God bless my dear children, I pray!'
It may be the last you will say it for aye!
The night may be long ere you see them again,
The motherless children may call you in vain.

Drop sweet benediction on each little head,
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;
A guard of bright angels around them invite:
The spirit may slip from the mooring to-night!

—Cottager and Artisan.'

Her Proportion.

(Agnes E. Wilson, in 'Forward.')

'It seems such a worthy object,' Claire said, musingly, resting her elbows on the literature-strewn table. 'I hope the call will be met, I'm sure. If I had a million dollars, I would just love to help in such cases.'

They all smiled. 'If I had a million dollars,' was a favorite hypothesis of Claire's. The young people were gathered round the evening lamp, and their sympathies had been aroused by an account of a worthy charity which was in dire need of funds.

Bert, the big brother, laid down his magazine. 'How much would you give them, Claire?' he asked, half in earnest, half in jest. 'If you had a million dollars, how much would that cause be benefited by your generosity?'

'Oh, I don't know,' laughed Claire. 'Why, if I had a million, I'd give them, yes, I'd give them five thousand dollars. I'm sure somebody ought to give them five thousand dollars. Wouldn't it be lovely to be able to do it?'

Her brother smiled a quizzical smile, and rapidly making some figures on a piece of paper he pushed it toward her.

'What on earth?' she enquired, curiously. 'What is this, Bert?'

'Oh, I was just figuring out your proportion, that's all. Considering that you haven't a million, I thought you might like to know how much might be expected of a young lady with an income of ten dollars a month, which, I believe, is the sum for which you agreed to forego the new-womanish idea of earning your own living.'

'But, I don't understand.'

'I was counting your income, in case you had a million, at six percent on your capital. That's a very good interest, by the way, and it would produce an income of sixty thousand dollars. Five thousand dollars is one-twelfth of that sum, as you see. One-twelfth of your present annual income is ten dollars. Do you perceive my application, sister mine?'

They all joined in the laugh against Claire, who accepted the situation gracefully.

'I'm afraid you are going away beyond my resources,' she replied. 'They consist at present of two dollars and thirty-seven cents and a postage stamp. You'll have to revise your calculations, Bert.'

'All right. We'll take your million dollars as a basis of computation. Five thousand dollars is to one million dollars as sixty cents is to one hundred and twenty dollars. You can't get out of it, this time, sis. You owe this good and worthy cause sixty cents. I might point out that the former basis of calculation is the true one; but I'm so anxious to see you contribute the sixty cents, that I waive the claim to the ten dollars.'

'How much good would sixty cents do?' Claire queried.

'Sixty cents' worth,' Bert replied. 'Come, Claire, I've reduced your air-castle generosity to cold cash. Pay up, now.'

'Whatever put such an idea into your head, Bert?' asked the other sister, Helen, throwing aside her paper and leaning forward to join in the conversation.

'Something I was reading here,' replied Bert. 'Just listen: It was so strikingly apropos of Claire's remark, that I couldn't help noticing it. The subject is "Air castles." Just hear what ye editor says: "Living in an air castle is about as profitable as owning a half-interest in a rainbow."'

'I should think it would be lovely to own a half-interest in a rainbow,' interrupted Cousin Mildred, who had listened in interested silence up to this point.

Bert read on, unheeding the interruption. '"Air castles are built of golden moments; the only value of the air castle is the raw material thus made valueless."'

'That's true, at least,' commented Helen. 'I call that a long way from the subject in hand,' Claire said, saucily. 'I fail to see how these glittering generalizations suggested to Bert his exceedingly practical application of my well-meaning remark.'

'I don't think you will ever let me get to it,' Bert replied, in pretended vexation. 'You girls never let a fellow get beyond the first two sentences.'

'Skip,' suggested Claire. 'I'm too curious, to let you read all that goes between.'

'The author has a good deal to say about air-castle generosity—I suppose he was thinking of people who wish they had a million to spend—and he winds up with the sentence which inspired me: "Live up to your proportion"; this is the magic formula which changes air castles into fortresses. There are no glittering generalities about that, eh, Claire?'

'Read it all, please, Bert,' requested Helen. 'It sounds as if it might be helpful.'

They settled themselves to listen, but one of them at least was following out her own thoughts rather than those of the breezy editorial which Bert was reading. Mildred Vincent was earnestly wondering what her 'proportion' might be.

It was all very well to talk to Helen and Claire of their proportion. For such young girls their allowance was a liberal one; at least, so it seemed to Mildred, who had accepted the home her uncle had offered her, but was striving to eke out her other expenses from the income of the very little property which her father had left her. Nobody knew of her many little economies, practiced in order that she might not appear to a disadvantage beside her cousins. She had purposely left her uncle and aunt in ignorance of her exact income, and she tried to manage so that they should not suspect how tiny it was. Uncle was generous, but she was not willing to tax his generosity further than necessity demanded.

She thought about it as Bert read on, a little shadow coming over her sunny face as she did so. She had been touched to the heart by the appeal which they had been talking about, and she had wished, like Claire, that she might do something worth while by way of answering it. But even Claire's proportion was away beyond her. Sixty cents would almost empty the meagre little pocketbook, and its contents must last several weeks yet. Sixty cents! Ten cents was beyond her ability to give.

Her cousin finished the reading and laid the paper aside.

'Let me see it a moment, please, Bert,' Mildred begged. 'I want to see just one thing in it; I didn't quite catch it as you read.'

She turned to the sentence which Bert had quoted as his first inspiration, and reread it carefully. Very shortly she excused herself to her cousins, and went upstairs to be alone with her thoughts.

'Live up to your proportion.' It was not 'Give up to your proportion,' although her cousins had restricted their discussion to that narrower phase of the subject. She sat down in the white moonlight, leaving her lamp unlit, and began to ponder over what the message, which had so strangely appealed to her, really meant. Surely, she thought, reverently, the message must be for her, or her own heart would not have answered it so strongly.

Her air castles! She still loved to build them, even though they meant only golden moments made valueless; and her voice was always the foundation for her dream castles, the sweet little thread of a voice which had promised so much more when she was a child than it did now, and which she knew now would never afford a foundation for anything more substantial than air castles; and yet the building of her fairy fabrics started in the same old way—'If I were a great singer!' Now it was the great throngs of people in some crowded concert hall hanging breathless upon her silvery notes; now it was a weary one strengthened for daily toil by the sweetness of her message; now it was a little child who forgot his tears at the magic of her voice. Only air castles! She knew it very well, and in the bitterness of the thought she had almost ceased to sing, in spite of the fact that her uncle liked her simple ballads, and that hers was the only singing voice in the family circle. God had not given her a great voice, neither had he given her the means for the cultivation of her smaller gift.

'But the wild birds praise him,' she said to herself, humbly. She remembered how her aunt, that very afternoon, had looked her way as she told how the dear old lady whom she was going to visit loved to hear her favorite hymns.

'I might have given her as much pleasure as if I had been a great singer,' she thought, regretfully—she had not offered to accompany her aunt—'and it would have gratified auntie, too; and Helen would have liked me to help with some singing the day she had her primary-school babies here. There's one way in which I haven't lived up to my proportion, I'm sure. Perhaps there will be other ways shown to me later if I keep watching for them.'

It was surprising how many opportunities she found to contribute her proportion when she had once opened her eyes to them.

'I'm trying to live up to my proportion,' she explained, one evening, with heightened color, when Bert had commented with cousinly candor upon her changed attitude in regard to the home music. 'That article you read is responsible for it.'

She had spoken lightly, but Bert noticed the earnest look which followed her smile. He was beside her at the piano, and the others had resumed their chat as soon as her song was finished.

'Then you will be willing to help me!' he said eagerly. 'I have not mentioned it to you girls, for fear you wouldn't be in favor of it. But you see, Mildred, I've got acquainted with a lot of boys who are just at the age when they want some outside interests, and I'm afraid they aren't getting the right sort. They aren't much younger than I am, but they haven't the home I have. I've been thinking I'd like to have them here, say one evening a week; mother will be willing, I'm sure, if you girls will help me to entertain them.'

Mildred's eyes were shining. 'Can I really help you, Bert?'

'More than any one else. Helen and Claire play, of course, but boys like a jolly song in which they can all join. If you help, I'll be sure that there is always something entertaining on hand. It isn't anything very ambitious, just a social evening for five or six fellows who need a little steadying, that's all.'

Bert scarcely understood Mildred's enthusiasm.

'But it is so well worth doing,' she cried. 'Why, Bert, if my voice is even ever so little useful, I'll feel as if my air castle was turning into a fortress, after all.'

The Wall That Dorothy Built.

(Roberta Franklin Ballard, in 'Forward.')

It didn't seem very much with which to build a wall—a game of checkers, Dorothy's little violin, a new piece of sheet music, and the open piano—but it was all Dorothy had, and it is wonderful how much can be done with a little if only one really wants to do it. No, there was something else, that bit of prayer she had in her own room, after mother had told her how troubled she was over big brother Ralph.

There had been a visitor in their little town—a boy who had been a leader among the others ever since his arrival, and to-night there was to be given him a farewell supper at a down-town restaurant by his friends, and mother had grieved that her bright boy Ralph had been among the invited ones. To-morrow this stranger, whose leadings had been toward evil, instead of good, would be gone, and if only Ralph could be kept away from the company to-night she would hope for the future. The others were not boys he really cared for, it was the influence of this stranger she feared the most. Mother had talked the trouble over with Dorothy, and that little lady, after thinking and planning, had finally slipped to her room for that word of prayer, for, somehow, Ralph must be kept away from that supper with those wild boys, but how?—that was the question.

The 'how' began after their own quiet tea, as Ralph pushed back his chair and glanced at the clock, Dorothy glanced too—seven o'clock, and the supper was at eight. Then she planted the first stone in the wall she was going to build.

'Who wants to be beaten in a game of checkers?' she asked, brightly, and Ralph made room on the corner of the table for the board, as he laughed back, 'Maybe you do, so here goes,' and the little clicks of the men moving over the board had a welcome sound to mother's ears. Dorothy won the first and Ralph must have another game, and then another. It was half-past seven before he looked at the clock.

'Dorothy, I'll have to leave you,' he said, rising; 'I've an engagement at eight.'

Very well did Dorothy know it, but her voice was even and bright, as she answered: 'Give me five minutes, the engagement can wait so long; I've the loveliest new piece; play the accompaniment over, won't you?' The next minute Dorothy was giving little twangs to the strings of her violin, preparatory to tucking it lovingly under her chin, and was gliding along over the 'loveliest new piece,' with Ralph at the piano.

Fifteen minutes instead of five slipped by, before Ralph knew it, and he jumped up with a laugh. 'You witch, you made me forget the time and I'll be late,' he said, as he stepped into the hall for his coat.

Were all Dorothy's plans for nothing, and were those boys to get him after all? What about the prayer, was that for nothing, too? Ralph was buttoning his coat when there came a little tapping on the glass at the door, and a merry voice said, as Ralph opened it: 'We saw you through the window and didn't stop to ring. Oh, Ralph,' with a glance at the overcoat, 'I'm sorry you are going out; I've brought my brother to call on you while I talk to Dorothy.'

It was Dorothy's special friend Grace Turner, and her brilliant, almost famous, big brother, Professor Turner. He was one of Ralph's special heroes. Going from their own little town he had made his way to the very head of his class at the university, had taken first honors at graduation, and was now spoken of as a man of great promise. Somehow there didn't seem anything else to do with such a distinguished guest, but to slip out of the overcoat and assure Professor Turner the engagement was but a trifling one, and made no difference at all.

Then there was music suggested by the open piano and the brightest talk, and after a little while Professor Turner turned to Ralph, and said: 'Grace tells me you are interested in electricity. There is to be a really fine lecture on the subject to-night, and I have a couple of tickets, would you like to go? We had the lecture at the university last year and it is exceptionally good, with some really wonderful experiments. Shall we go?'

Should he go, when he had thought over it more than anything else this past week, and wondered and wondered if he could possibly spare the dollar for the ticket!

It was a little late, but they were almost in time, and the lecture was as good as Professor Turner had said. At the close he had taken Ralph up and introduced him to the speaker; then had followed some talk between the two men that was full of interest to Ralph, who got answers to some of his own difficulties. The pleasant evening was growing late when they boarded a car for home.

Its front seats were filled with young men in the last stages of 'fun.' Coarse jokes were being told in loud tones, accompanied with boisterous laughter. Professor Turner's keen eyes looked over the group. 'Isn't that Horace Nelson on that front bench?' he asked, rather gravely; 'I'm sorry to see him in such company, I thought he was rather above that class. They look as if all of them had been drinking.'

Ralph winced a little and the red crept slowly into his face. These were the boys with whom he was to have spent the evening. Could it be that he might have been in the same condition? As they left the car, one of the boys recognized Ralph, and said: 'Hello, Ralph, thought you were coming with us!'

'Expect his mother tied him to her apron strings,' was the answer from the car.

Professor Turner glanced up quickly. 'Friends of yours, Ralph?'

The young man stood, without speaking, a moment, watching the moving car. 'I suppose yesterday I would have said "yes," to-night I say "no,"' he said, slowly. 'I think I see where such friendship leads.' Then he laughed. 'But it wasn't mother's apron strings; it must have been Dorothy's. She seemed to be trying to hedge me in all the evening. I had meant to spend it in just that company, but, somehow, she managed I shouldn't.'

'It is strange,' Professor Turner answered, 'how much these sisters can do to help a fellow keep right, to build a wall about him to keep out the evil.'

'That's what mine did for me,' Ralph said, with a half laugh, 'but it was a mighty pleasant wall, after all.'

Seeking Success.

(William Matthews, LL.D.)

'Be a whole man at everything!' was the advice which a wise Englishman gave to his son at school. We live in an age of concentration, of specialization, when a man who would succeed must bring all his energies to bear upon one focal point. The most profitable effort is that which is made with a definite object, all observation, reading, and reflection being directed, for the time being, upon it, and upon it alone.

Writing to a friend, Macaulay observed that there were men like Southey, who carry on twenty different tasks at a time; 'I am of a different temper. I never write to please myself until my subject has driven every other out of my head.' What was the secret of Sir Robert Peel's success. He was a prodigious worker, and whatever he undertook he did thoroughly. In preparing to speak in the House of Commons, he was elaborate almost to excess. In like manner that giant worker, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, attributed his own success in life to the practice of being always 'a whole man to one thing at a time.' Lord Saint Leonards, one of the profoundest English lawyers of this century, when asked the mode in which he had pursued his legal studies, thus explained the secret of his success, 'I resolved, when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing until I had accomplished the first. Many of my acquaintances read as much in a day as I read in a week; but at the end of twelve months my knowledge was as fresh as on the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from recollection.' Golden words, which every young person should imbed in his memory and deeply ponder. It is only by long and exclusive attention to our acquired knowledge—by brooding over it as a hen over her eggs—that we can make it permanently our own.—'Forward.'

A Monomaniac.

About ten years ago a man named Menager died in New York who was known as the clock miser. The details of his life were told in the daily papers, but were so unusual and significant as to bear repetition now.

Menager was a young man, the junior partner in a manufacturing firm. He threw into his work such energy and intelligence that a career opened before him both useful and successful.

It was necessary that he should be punctual each morning at his office, and for this reason he bought a Swiss clock and placed it opposite his bed. Doubting its correctness, he bought another of German make, and concerned himself to keep the two running exactly together. He grew interested in their mechanism, studied their points of difference, and began to buy from time to time other clocks.

He had ceased now to care for clocks for their real use, and valued them as curiosities and articles of property. The whim grew upon him as years passed. He was learned in the history and in all the peculiarities of the different timepieces that he possessed. His accumulation increased until he had specimens from almost every clock-making nation.

So keen was his zeal in this pursuit that he grew indifferent to every other object in life, dropped his friends, and at last lived in a large, dingy house with only an old servant and the ticking multitude of clocks, that seemed unceasingly to strike the funeral knell of his wasted years. Interest in man or woman he had none, but spent his time among his treasures, winding them and talking to them as if they were live creatures.

He died at last. In his house were found over four hundred clocks, which were sent to auction, the proceeds going to the state, as he had no legal heirs.

Menager was undoubtedly unbalanced in mind, but he represented in kind, though not in degree, the masses of men and women who are intent only upon the occupations that minister to their personal interests and pleasures, and neglect the higher duties that broaden life and fit the soul for heaven.—'Youth's Companion.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Alice's Punishment.

'Do stop talking for a little, Maudie,' said Alice Paton crossly to her little sister one bright summer evening. 'Don't you see I am busy, and cannot be bothered with you?'

Maudie stooped over her doll to hide the quick tears that rose to her blue eyes at her sister's words. She was a fragile little girl of five, with yellow curls, and a soft baby-face. Alice was fourteen, and assumed the airs of a young lady.

She was very fond of her little sister, but was often impatient with her, and Maudie sometimes felt very lonely and sad, with nobody but her doll to talk to. Her papa and mama were a great deal out visiting and driving, and little Maudie was left under the care of her nurse most of the day.

'Jane!' Alice called to the nurse, who was in the next room. 'Take Miss Maud out for a walk. I can't do my lessons while she is chattering here.'

'It is too cold for her, miss,' Jane ventured to remonstrate. 'The sun will soon be down, and she has a cold already.'

'Do as I tell you,' retorted Alice, going on with her lessons.

But when they had gone, Alice felt unhappy and restless. What if Maudie should get ill? What would mama say when she learned that it was by her orders that Jane had taken her out? She felt as if she must run after them and bring Maudie back, but she was too proud to do so. She began to wish she had not been so cross with her little sister, and could not settle to do her lessons for looking out at the window, in hopes that she would see them returning. In about an hour she did so, and heard Jane take Maudie upstairs.

That night after she had gone to bed Maudie's cold increased to a fever. Jane called Mrs. Paton about midnight, and Maudie clung to her mama with hot little hands.

'How could you be so foolish as to take her out when she had a cold, Jane?' asked mama clasping her child closely in her arms.

'It was all my fault, mama,' sobbed Alice, who had stolen into the room. 'I was so cross and impatient with her. Oh, what shall I do?'

'Hush!' said Mrs. Paton, gently, as she wrote a note to the doctor. 'Give that to Peter, Jane, and let him go quickly.'

When the doctor arrived, he shook his head gravely. Little Maudie was fast sinking, he feared. All that night mama sat by her child's little cot, and Alice remained unnoticed and despairing behind the curtains. She felt that if Maudie died she would die too, for had she not been the cause of her illness? How then could she endure life if Maudie was dead?

In the early morning the sick child opened her blue eyes and looked round the room.

'Alice,' she whispered, and Alice stole from her hiding-place and knelt down beside her mother. Maudie stretched out her weak little arms to her, and with a sob Alice clasped her to her breast. At that moment she felt that she would gladly have died instead of her little sister.

But little Maudie did not die, though for many weeks she lay hovering between life and death. Alice hardly ever left her bedside, and in the long weary days that followed, the two sisters learned to love each other as they had never done before; and Maudie felt almost glad that she had been ill, for she had found out how much papa and mama loved her; and in the years that followed she never had cause to feel lonely or neglected again.—'The Adviser.'

A Boy's Victory.

As the evening shadows were gathering, a father sat rocking his little babe. Four-year-old Johnnie, becoming weary of his play, bethought himself of the apple-barrel, with its fine red apples, in the cellar, and came running to his papa and said, 'Papa, I want an apple. Won't you get me one?'

'But, Johnnie,' said the father, 'papa is rocking sister. You run down and get us each one.'

'No, papa,' said Johnnie, 'it is too dark, and I'm afraid.'

'Oh, no,' said the father, 'there is nothing to hurt you. The dark never injured anybody. Run along now and get us two nice big apples. Papa's little man is not afraid.'

After thinking some time without saying anything, Johnnie's face brightened up, and he said:

'Papa, I'll do it if you will keep talking to me.'

'All right, my boy,' said his father. 'Go on now, and I'll talk to you.'

Johnnie, with a little hesitancy,

went toward the cellar door, and, as he looked down into the darkness, he shrank back somewhat, but finally mustered up courage like a little man and started down the stairs.

'Here I am, papa, two steps down.'

'All right, little man. Papa is here.'

'Here I am, half-way down, and I can see a little light from the window.'

'That's a brave boy. Go on, and papa will talk to you.'

'Here, papa, I'm clear down now, I'm going over to the barrel. Are you there, papa?'

'Oh, yes, dear, I'm here.'

'Papa, here I am at the barrel. Do you want a big one? I can feel the apples.'

'Yes, yes, my darling; bring papa a big red one.'

'Here, papa, I'm coming up now. I've got two big ones.'

Pretty soon the father heard the hurried footsteps of the manly little fellow on the stairs, and soon a shining face with big blue eyes appeared at the cellar door, and there was Johnnie, with two large red apples, one for papa and one for himself, his little bosom heaving with conscious pride because he had won a great victory.

'I went down into the dark cellar all alone, didn't I, papa?'

'Yes, my darling,' said the father, as he drew the precious child near him and kissed him. 'Papa's little man was very brave to do it.'

'But you talked to me, and that helped me to go down into the dark cellar, didn't it, papa?'

Thus the little fellow gained his victory, because of his faith in his father, and because the father talked to him.

What a lesson for children of larger growth! That father's heart was touched, and, though a minister, he said to himself: 'This precious boy has preached a great sermon to me to-day.' And then he offered up this prayer in his heart:

'Oh, God, help me to make thee as real a help and to trust thee as fully as my boy has trusted me today. If thou wilt talk with me, I can go down into the dark experiences of life and fear no evil. Thou, Lord, art a very present help in trouble.'—O. H. Cessna, in 'Young People's Weekly.'

What It Was.

The thirteen black and yellow cats had their opinions on the subject, and the old hen with the big brood of chickens had hers. The cow didn't trouble her head about the matter, and the pig couldn't see over the side of his pen, so it was decided between the cats and the chickens.

'It' was a squat, fat, black-painted decoy duck, made of wood and perfectly flat on the bottom. Some one had painted his eyes white, and his bill a pale pink, in such a skilful fashion that he seemed to be simpering to himself as he squatted in the tall grass beside the dahlia bed.

'A foolish black duck—that's what he is,' said madame the grey hen, and she led her brood of chickens straight up to where he sat in the grass, and all the chickens had a look and a guess.

'He hasn't any feet,' said one.

'And he can't walk,' said another.

'His eyes won't wink,' chirped a third.

'Ho, get up, Mister Duck!' cackled a fourth.

But the decoy duck only smiled serenely, with his wooden head resting on his fat wooden breast, and never budged.

'Wonder if he's good to eat?' queried one of the black cats.

'Tough as leather,' answered a puss whose back looked as if it had been spattered with scrambled eggs.

'I'd like to sink my teeth into him,' ventured McKinley, a fine black puss with shining yellow eyes.

'Well, you'd better not try it,' purred the sportive Angora kitten, Miss Puff, as she jumped into the air after a butterfly that fluttered past.

'You don't dare touch him anyhow,' chuckled the grey hen, who was keeping a little aloof from the assembled cat family.

'You dare me, did I understand?' asked McKinley, a light snapping from his yellow eyes like flame.

'Just watch me.'

At first the hens and the cats did not think McKinley was in earnest, for even those who made a great show of boldness were really afraid of that funny duck with its fixed smile and unwinking eye.

'Stand back, all of you!' sneered McKinley.

Back they all pushed to a safe distance. The spry young cats dashed up trees and watched from among the leaves.

With his tail the shape of a Christmas tree, the black cat waited, and then made a dash for the poor decoy duck. Not a hen-soul or a cat-soul dared breathe.

Down upon the duck sprang the black cat—

But hens and cats suddenly disappeared—whisk! For from the bushes ran a little boy who had been watching them, and he picked up the duck and ran away with it.

They gossip about the duck a great deal even now, but the black cat will never tell them anything. He is not going to give it away that his fierce foe was made of wood, and hurt his paws, though it hadn't a speck of life.

The little boy took the duck home, and had a beautiful time watching it swim about in the tub. And I really do not blame the cats and hens for being puzzled, for as I watched him with the little boy in the tub, I thought he had a more sprightly eye than many a live duck I've seen on the pond.—'The Examiner.'

The Difference.

(By Mai Stevens.)

A little girl sat by the window one day,
With very cross face, I'm sorry to say,
And cried, as she looked through the clear window-pane:
'I think it's too hateful, this tire some old rain!
I can't go outdoors,
Because it just pours;
I'll have to stay in till it's pleasant again.'

She'd books, this same girl, and she'd games, and she'd toys;
She'd pictures, and paints—oh, she'd plenty of joys;
But, pouting and sulking (of course, all in vain),
She said: 'It's too hateful, this tiresome old rain!
I can't go outdoors,
Because it just pours;
I think it might stop, and be pleasant again.'

Now full of delight every leaf, every flower,
As down fell the drops of that charming, cool shower;
Glad robins and bluebirds chirped out a refrain;
The grass danced for joy, and the upspringing grain;
All Nature's dear voice
Sang: 'Let us rejoice!
Rejoice in this beautiful, beautiful rain!'

—'The Independent.'

LESSON II.—JULY 8.

Jesus the Bread of Life.

John vi., 22-40. Memory verses, 35 37.
Read John vi., 22-71.

Daily Readings.

M. Living Water.—John iv., 1-26.
T. Living Bread.—John vi., 47-69.
W. Living Way.—Heb. x., 9-25.
T. Living God.—Matt. xvi., 13-20.
F. Living Men.—Matt. xxii., 23-33.
S. A Mystery.—I. Cor. ii., 6-16.

Golden Text.

'Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.'—John vi., 35.

Lesson Text.

(22) The day following, when the people which stood on the other side of the sea saw that there was none other boat there, save that one whereinto his disciples were entered, and that Jesus went not with his disciples into the boat, but that his disciples were gone away alone; (23) (Howbeit there came other boats from Tiberias nigh unto the place where they did eat bread, after that the Lord had given thanks:) (24) When the people therefore saw that Jesus was not there, neither his disciples, they also took shipping, and came to Capernaum, seeking for Jesus. (25) And when they had found him on the other side of the sea, they said unto him, Rabbi, when camest thou hither? (26) Jesus answered them and said, Verily, verily I say unto you, Ye seek me not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled. (27) Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you: for him hath God the father sealed. (28) Then said they unto him, What shall we do, that we might work the works of God? (29) Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent. (30) They said therefore unto him, What sign shewest thou, then, that we may see, and believe thee? what dost thou work? (31) Our fathers did eat manna in the desert: as it is written He gave them bread from heaven to eat. (32) Then said Jesus unto them, Verily, verily I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. (33) For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world. (34)Then said they unto him, Lord, evermore give us this bread. (35) And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. (36) But I said unto you, That ye also have seen me, and believe not. (37) All that the Father giveth me shall come unto me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. (38) For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me. (39) And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day. (40) And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day.

Suggestions.

The day after the miraculous feeding of the five thousand and after the stormy night when Jesus walked on the sea to comfort his distressed disciples, the multitude who had seen the miracle sought again for Jesus, but could not find him on that side of the Sea of Galilee, so they went in boats to the other side, to Capernaum.

They could not understand his wanting to get away from them, because they wanted to make him their leader and king. Wonderingly and perhaps reproachfully they questioned our Lord about his leaving them. Jesus answered not their words, but their thoughts, showing them the real cause of their seeking him as a leader—not because they loved him, but because they wanted his gifts and the earthly satisfaction which they believed those gifts would bring. They did not understand that their outward allegiance was of no value to the Lord Jesus, they probably considered that it would quite repay him for the benefits he would bestow upon them. Their desires were worldly and short-sighted. Their enthusiasm was not for the Lord Jesus himself, but simply for the results of his miraculous power. They were superficial, ready to be satisfied with temporal blessings instead of eternal life.

'The meat which perisheth is, by its transiency, proved insufficient; and the life which is full of toil to win it, in any of its forms, sumptuous or coarse, dainties or bare necessaries, is shown to be too low-pitched. They labor for naught who labor for anything short of that which is permanent in its effects and nourishes eternal life. The description of this only sufficing possession as the meat which abideth unto eternal life is entirely parallel with that to the Samaritan woman, of the water springing up unto life eternal; and the whole course of the two dialogues is similar.

'He sets one "work" against the mass of "works" which they thought would be needful. He declares that the single work which God requires as the condition of the gift is faith in the Son of Man, its giver. To "believe on" is more than simply "to believe," with which lower act of the mind the Jews presently confound it. Here, then, is set forth in germ the whole truth as to the conditions of eternal life, and as to the relations of faith and works. Not a multitude of meritorious deeds but the one act of trust; not the mere credence of his words, but the moral act of reliance on him, is the way to receive his gift.'—Alexander McLaren, D.D.

The Jews asked a sign of our Lord, although he had just performed such a great miracle for them. They spoke of the manna which God had given their forefathers when they were in the wilderness with Moses (Ex. xvi., 15-25), as though challenging Christ to perform like deeds if he would show himself to be as great as Moses. But Jesus showed them that it was not Moses who had given the bread, but God, and that God was now giving the true bread of life to the world in the person of his own Son, the only satisfaction for every longing of the hungry human soul. He that cometh to me shall never hunger, said Jesus, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out—here is a promise for every doubting, hesitating soul. Will the Lord Jesus receive the vilest of sinners who turn to him for cleansing? Will he receive the hypocrite who comes to him in sincerity? Will he receive the wayward, tempest-tossed souls who seek a safe home? Will he receive the little child who comes to him in simple trust? Yes, all will be received, no one who comes to Jesus is ever turned away or cast out. Oh, soul, hast thou come to thy Saviour? Hast thou found in him a resting place, hast thou found in him joy, peace and strength? As meat and drink to a hungry, thirsty soul, so shall thy Saviour be to thee. He is the bread of life, he is the water of life. in him is every satisfaction for the yearnings of the soul, in him alone is the answer to every problem of life, in him alone canst thou find true joy.

Labor not for the meat which perisheth, spend not thy life in seeking temporal satisfaction. The deepest joy which the world can give is only temporal. The world gives nothing for keeps, its pseudo gifts are only loans which may be withdrawn at any moment, and at latest must be returned when the cold hand of death is laid upon thee. Youth, beauty, and fortune, these, as the world gives them, are only loans, they cannot last, they are temporal and spurious imitations of the real gifts of God. From union with the Son of God, thou may'st inherit eternal life and retain for thy soul the vigor of youth and the unspottedness of childhood. The beauty of soul which thou may'st obtain by communion with Christ is such that not only will thy life be kept sweet, but even upon thy countenance after the beauty of youth is fled, will be found the sweet expression of the beautiful soul. The wealth of character which thou may'st receive by the moulding force of the indwelling Christ, is a fortune which need not be laid down at death's call, but will accompany the soul into eternity, for these are the gifts of the Son of God, the enduring tokens of eternal life.

Questions.

1. Why did the multitude seek for the Lord Jesus?
2. What did Jesus tell them to work for?
3. What is the work which God requires of each one of us?
4. Who gave the manna in the wilderness?
5. What bread does God now give to the world?
6. Where can the hungry soul find satisfaction?
7. What does the Lord Jesus promise to those who come to him?

Junior C. E Topic.

LITTLE THINGS.

Mon., July 2.—Seeds.—Mark iv., 8.
Tues., July 3.—Words.—James iii., 5, 6.
Wed., July 4.—Children.—Ps. cixiv., 12.
Thurs., July 5.—Wrongs.—Prov. xv., 1.
Fri., July 6.—Tribes.—Ps. lxxii., 16.
Sat., July 7.—The church.—Acts i., 15.
Sun., July 8.—Topic—Some little things that become great things.—Mark iv., 30-32.

C. E. Topic.

July 8.—The power of small things.—Mark iv., 30-32.

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XVII. — DRUNKARDS—CONCLUDED.

1. Q.—How does the drunkard ruin his family?

A.—By exposing them to all the evils of poverty, to every kind of cruelty, and to social disgrace.

2. Q.—Is there such a thing as self-made poverty?

A.—Yes; drunkenness, the use of tobacco, and other vices cause three-fourths of the poverty in the country, and the distress it brings cannot be calculated. This is self-made poverty.

3. Q.—How are drunkards cruel to their families?

A.—Besides keeping them cold and hungry, they often make their wives and children work for wages which they spend for liquor. When drunk they often abuse, beat, wound, or even kill, their wives and children.

4. Q.—Do drunkards often kill their wives and children?

A.—Very often; thousands of women and children have been murdered in the United States by their drunken husbands and fathers.

5. Q.—How else are the children injured?

A.—Children often inherit their father's taste for rum; and if his mind was diseased theirs is apt to be much more so.

6. Q.—What is social disgrace?

A.—When a family gets so low and mean and bad that everybody despises them, and no respectable people will visit them or allow any such people to come to their houses.

7. Q.—How does a drunkard bring his family into social disgrace?

A.—By keeping them ragged and dirty, and by making them live in dirty, miserable hovels, where no decent people will go if they can help it, and by teaching their children to become liars, thieves, and drunkards.

8. Q.—What usually becomes of the drunkard's family?

A.—His wife leaves him or dies of a broken heart, after suffering from every kind of want and shame.

Sometimes she becomes a drunkard herself. Her children, for want of food and care, are thrown upon the world to take care of themselves without father or mother.

9. Q.—Do children often become drunkards and commit crimes when drunk?

A.—Yes, very often. A boy only eleven years old got drunk and killed his brother and sister.

10. Q.—Are there many children drunkards?

A.—In Chicago they found several thousand drunkards under 16 years of age.

11. Q.—What becomes of them?

A.—Some die and some go to jail.

12. Q.—How many were arrested in Chicago in one year?

A.—It is said that thirteen thousand drunken children were arrested in one year.

13. Q.—How does the drunkard end?

A.—He becomes a homeless outcast, a bar-room loafer, who is often in jail much of the time, and when he is out he hangs around the saloon for occasional free drinks, and sleeps in stables, outhouses, or much of the time on the bare ground.

14. Q.—What will cure drunkards?

A.—To never touch any kind of intoxicating drinks, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.—Matt. 1., 21: Pro. xiii., 14.

Dialogue for Two Boys.

'Why join the Temperance Society.'

JIM AND FRED.

Jim rubbing up harness,

Enter Fred.—Hullo! Jim there you are! I haven't seen you for a long time. Come out and have a game.

Jim.—Wait till I've done this, and I'll come.

Fred.—I'll help too, there's no getting hold of you now, its 'O I must do this,' 'or I must go to that,' and choir practices and Bands of Hope, take up all your spare time.

Jim.—How about last Saturday? I had time to play a good bit then!

Fred.—Yes you did indeed! I never saw such batting as you did, and your running was splendid, Temperance seems to suit you!

Jim.—I should just hope so! Why don't you join us?

Fred—What's the good? I don't see the fun of promising never to drink anything intoxicating, I am not likely to take too much, so why should I give up my liberty?

Jim.—So I used to think.

Fred.—And don't you now?

Jim.—No, I heard it explained one day.

Fred.—Well, fire away and tell me.

Jim.—I don't know that I can put it clearly, but this is what I heard. You don't give up drink only for your own sake.

Fred.—For whose sake do you do it then?

Jim.—Why, for others to be sure.

Fred.—I don't see how, if I promise never to have a taste of beer, that will help anyone else.

Jim.—Still, for all that, it may, you see, you are strong enough to take beer, for instance, and know when you've had enough: but supposing some one else couldn't take even one glass without being hurt by it, and followed your example, you would be the cause of it's doing him harm.

Fred.—I don't see that, if people are so foolish as not to know when to stop—

Jim.—That's rather severe, some men ain't able to stand it, and if they saw one stronger than themselves (you for instance,) going without, they would be encouraged to do the same, while the mere fact of your having some would make them want it too so as not to be thought weaker. Don't you think it worth while to give up one's liberty to help, rather than hinder others?

Fred.—There's something in that, I daresay, but it would be uncommon inconvenient.

Jim.—How so?

Fred.—Why, I often have to go out late with my master, and hold the pony on his rounds, and on cold nights people offer me a drink sometimes to keep the cold out, and where should I be if I was a teetotaler?

Jim.—Oh, as to that, I always find, if you are cold you can always get something more warming than beer!

Fred.—Well, I'll think it over, and tell you another day.

Jim,—That's right! Now I can come for a few minutes' practice, and I'll teach you a new tip in bowling.—Exeunt.—'Temperance Monthly.'

Correspondence

Sherkston.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm. and I like it very much. In the winter we go skating. We live a mile from Lake Erie and in the summer we go to it and bathe.

PEARL R. S. (Aged 12.)

Pembroke Shore.

Dear Editor,—My grandma used to take the 'Messenger' when mamma was a little girl. We all like it very much. I have two pet cats and two sisters and two brothers.

FANNIE B. (Aged 8.)

Bretonville.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl aged ten. I live in the country and have six sisters and three brothers. My youngest sister is six years old. Walter caught two young rabbits, but I think they were too young for they died. We get the 'Messenger' and like it very much.

MARTHA K.

St. John Co.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messenger' was sent for a Christmas present to me by my cousin. I came down on a visit for a few days. My father keeps a grocery store. My two brothers are down with me, too. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much.

C. M. T (Aged 12.)

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. We all like it. We are four in the family and we came out here from Somersetshire, England, seven years ago. We all attend the Sabbath-school. Mamma takes a class. Each family gets a 'Messenger,' and I like reading the letters. The superintendent gave a prize for highest proficiency. I received it. It was a beautiful Bible and on the back of the cover was printed my name in gold letters. I have one brother and two dolls and a pussy cat. Last summer my father took a trip to Dederine with a French friend to see some friends that came from the same village as we did.

LOTTIE BROWN.

N. N. Mills.

Dear Editor,—I like correspondence best. We have a large St. Bernard dog. We hitch him up and he pulls us all around.

EARL E. S. (Aged 10.)

Ralphton, Man.

Dear Editor,—I go to school in the summer. I have three miles to walk. I have one pet; it is a cat. We have a pony.

AREBELLA G. (Aged 13.)

Leamington, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My papa owns a planing mill. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday school and I like reading the letters very much.

FOREST L. (Aged 8.)

So. Brookfield, Queen's County, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My birthday is in July. I belong to the Mission Band. We have it once a month. I think it is very nice to learn about the missionaries. I have three sisters, but no brothers. I am the youngest. We have nearly two miles to go to school. I live on a farm near a river, called Port Medway. We have great fun fishing. They are building a railway across it. just beyond our barn. My grandpa and grandma live two miles from us. I have fourteen dolls. I think the 'Messenger' is very nice.

OLLIE P. F.

Greenbank. Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer. He sold his farm and we are going to Manitoba to live. I have one sister and seven brothers. My birthday is on the ninth of December.

GRAHAM (Aged 10.)

St. Elmo, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' in our school for a number of years. I enjoy it very much. I read it all the time. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday and we are two miles from the church. I have four brothers and four sisters. The baby is two years old. I have two sisters in Manitoba. The oldest one is a teacher in the city of Brandon and the other one is going to school in Winnipeg.

VICTORIA LAURA S.

Molesworth.

To the Editor of the 'Messenger.'

I would like to write a letter in the corresponding line.

Dear Editor,—I have started to take the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very well. I have three sisters and two brothers. My papa died nearly two years ago. I have no grandpas and only one grandma. I go to Sunday-school.

LENA (Aged 13.)

Dorset.

Dear Editor,—I heard a temperance sermon and the text was 'Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and for thine often infirmities. (I. Tim. v., 23.) The minister said that he was challenged to preach from that text and he preached a good sermon, and showed that he was a temperance man. He said that it was clear that Paul wanted Timothy to use the wine for medicine, as there were no other kinds of medicine in those days that was to take the place of wine. He proved that the Bible taught temperance by quoting different verses, among which were 'Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging,' and 'Woe unto him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth and maketh him drunken.' He talked much about the curse intemperance brings to our land. I think that the man who challenged him missed his aim for he showed that the text was not in favor of drunkards at all. I cut the 'Band of Hope Pledge' out of the 'Messenger' a few days ago and pasted it on a piece of paper and put a gilt frame around it and took it to school, but only got four to sign it, but hope to get more soon. I will close by sending you this little rhyme:

Three cheers for the editor,
And 'Messenger,' too,
Such papers as it is
We know are but few!

Its reading is useful,
For young and for old,
Its temperance stories
Are better than gold,

Dear 'Messenger' readers,
Let us earnestly pray,
May their good work continue
For many a day.

VIOLA A.

Clarenceville, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have three brothers. My eldest brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we all like to read it very much. I attend Sunday-school every Sunday. I have a very nice teacher. I finished reading the Bible through a few months ago and received a nice large Bible from my grandmother. I noticed in your paper the letter you wrote and you wished we would find some passages of scripture, which you quoted, and I think I have found them all. I will send them in this letter. My sister and one of my brothers also found them the same as I, and will send their names.

JAY E. (Aged 10.)

Bellemount.

Dear Editor,—I have read your letter to the boys and girls of the 'Messenger,' and have seen, Find The Place almanac. I have found all the verses and learned them. I liked it very much and would still like to learn and find them, and as you wished the boys and girls to send in their names to the Honor Roll for Bible Searchers I thought I would like to send in mine.

BERTHA L. R.

Delaware Ave., Dovercourt.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister younger than myself. We go to day and Sunday-school regularly. I won a prize, also a consolation prize for good writing and composition.

MARY W. (Aged 10.)

Oakville.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm and have lots of outings. I like to be out doors and about the barn, and I like the animals and I like to be in doors, too, and you know by that that I am a stirring boy. I like going to school. I like the teacher. I like to read the correspondence in your paper. Our Sunday-school has taken the 'Messenger' over a year, and we take it in our home. All of us like it very much.

ELMER O (Aged 8.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Facts Worth Knowing.

Ammonia will often restore colors that have been removed by acid.

Table salt and a wet cloth will remove egg stains on silver.

A soft cloth dipped in alcohol will clean piano keys.

Flour, milk, butter and gelatines, being absorbents, should never be stored near articles of food having strong odors. For this reason baked beans, cabbage, onions, and cheese should be allowed quarters by themselves.

Marks that have been made on paint with matches can be removed by rubbing first with a slice of lemon, then with whiting, and washing with soap and water.

Chloroform rubbed on a mosquito bite will cause the pain and itching to disappear like magic, while the swelling will rapidly decrease.

A sprinkling of coarse salt on the sidewalks and driveways will destroy grass and weeds.

Brass utensils can be kept bright by occasional rubbings with salt and vinegar.

A little salt added to an egg cools it, and the egg consequently beats into a froth more quickly.

A tablespoonful of borax to a pailful of the water in which flannels are washed will keep them soft and white.

Whole cloves strewn about the pantry shelves will keep red ants away and are said to abolish moths.

To remove spots from marble, mix whiting with common soap that has been reduced to a paste and spread the marble thickly with it. Leave it two or three days, and when the soap mixture is removed the spots will be gone.

Smoked and dusty globes may be cleansed by soaking them in hot water to which a little sal soda has been added. Next scrub with a stiff brush in ammonia and water, rinse in clear water and wipe them dry.

If a postage stamp will not stick, draw it across the mucilage on the envelope until enough of the substance has been transferred to make it adhere.

A simple cement for broken china or earthenware is made of powdered quickline sifted through a coarse muslin bag over the white of an egg.

Beat a carpet on the wrong side first, and then more gently on the right side. Beware of using sticks with sharp points, which may tear the carpet.

When damping clothes for ironing the water should be as hot as the hand can bear. It is not necessary to use as much water as is needed when it is cold.

To exterminate crickets, place a little ginger cordial in a dish before the fire in the evening. The crickets will be attracted by it, and will perish after their feast.

To clean black cashmere, wash in hot suds, in which a little borax has been dissolved. Rinse in strong blue water, and iron while damp. If this is done the material will look like new.

Prune Cake and Suet Pudding.

Necessity is the mother of invention, truly for sometimes when 'out of something,' we hit upon a valuable discovery.

At a time when making a dark cake, I found after commencing it that some mice or biped nibblers had been to the raisin bag and only a handful remained.

It was a cheap cake and therefore dependent upon the fruit; what should I do? It occurred to me to try chopped prunes to make up the deficiency; so I chipped from the pits, pieces as large as a seedless raisin, stirred them in the cake and baked it, wondering what the result would be.

It was pronounced excellent. Since then prune cake has been our favorite cake; it is not as sweet as raisin cake and so we consider it better for the small folk. I make it as follows:

Cream one cup of granulated sugar with butter the size of an egg, then add one cupful of sour milk in which half a teaspoonful, liberal measure, of soda has been foamed, one cupful of chopped prunes, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one half of clove, and a few 'grates' of nutmeg, and flour to make the right consistency; bake in a deep pan; this makes one medium sized loaf. No molasses is needed; the spices and prunes will make it dark and rich looking.

Sometimes I use part currants and part prunes, for variety. Another favorite recipe is suet pudding, not the rich concoctions served with wine sauce, but a plain substantial dessert that will be found nice for company and nice for the home-folks.

Stone and chop a large cup of raisins, add one cup of chopped suet, one cup of molasses in which one teaspoonful of soda has been foamed, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one of cinnamon and one-half of clove. Steam from two to three hours, and serve with plain liquid sauce. Much depends upon the steaming, keeping the cover tight and not letting the kettle boil dry. It should come from the steamer light, spongy and delicious.—J. W. Wheeler, in N. Y. 'Observer.'

To Clean Patent Leather Shoes.

Nice patent leather makes the neatest of footgear, but it requires care to keep it in order. There is no better dressing for it than a very little salad oil. Before wearing a new pair of patent leather boots it is expedient to well rub in a small quantity of salad oil and then to polish with a soft cloth. This is to prevent the leather from cracking, as it sometimes does. Patent leather should never be dried by the fire, for heat has a way of causing the leather to harden and crack.

Ironing Shirt Waists.

When ironing a colored waist, either of silk or cotton fabric, one sho uld not use too hot an iron, and yet it must be hot enough to iron smoothly, without blistering or sticking to the starch. An overheated iron injures bright colors as much as do hot water and poor soap. In ironing a silk waist, place a piece of cheesecloth over the garment, and iron as any ordinary article. By doing this, the natural appearance of the silk is preserved, and this would be impossible if the iron were brought in direct contact with it.

Pantry Shelves.

These should be covered with plain, white oilcloth. These present a neat appearance, and are easily kept free from dust, and should be wiped off frequently with a weak solution of soda water. If one chooses, the edges of the shelves can be covered with the fancy white paper used in china closets. Keep sugar and all foods that attract ants closely covered. For some groceries, like rice, tapioca, raisins, meat, tea and coffee, glass jars are best, as they are easily cleaned, and contents plainly seen. Old jars, not suitable for canning, may be used.

To Exterminate Rats and Mice.

An old-fashioned but easy way to exterminate them is to mix powdered nux vomica with oatmeal and put it dry on a piece of paper in their holes. This is safer than poisoned meat because cats and dogs will not touch it. Another method is to mix oatmeal with phosphorus, but rats soon learn to detect the smell of phosphorus, and will not touch it. Nux vomica has little or no odor.

Buttermilk.

An eminent medical authority once said of buttermilk which was of good quality: 'Long experience has demonstrated it to be an agent of superior digestibility,' and the same writer continued: 'It is indeed a true milk peptone; that is, milk already partially digested; the coagulation of the coagulable portion being loose and flaky, and not of that firm, indigestible nature which is the result of the action of gastric juice upon cow's sweet milk. It is a decided laxative, a fact which must be borne in mind in the treatment of typhoid fever, and which may be turned to advantage in the treatment of habitual constipation. It is a diuretic, and may be used to advantage in some kidney troubles. It resembles koumiss in its nature, and, with the exception of that article, is the most grateful, refreshing and digestible of the products of milk. In some cases of gastric ulcer and cancer of the stomach, it is the only food that can be retained.'

Tomato Recipes.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Cut a small circle from the stem end of the tomatoes, and carefully remove the seeds. Fill the tomatoes with this preparation: Chop very fine one cupful of cold chicken, add a dozen blanched and chopped almonds, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Place in a baking dish, add a tablespoonful of butter and one half cupful of water. Babe thirty minutes, basting often. Take up the tomatoes and thicken the sauce with a little flour, add a cupful of boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, pepper and salt. Pour sauce over the tomatoes.

Tomato Omelet.—Stew a cupful of tomatoes; thicken with breadcrumbs. Make a plain omelet. Spread the tomatoes lightly over half of the omelet. Fold and serve at once.

Tomato Toast.—Stew a pint of tomatoes thoroughly, strain, season highly with pepper, salt and butter. Pour over slices of hot buttered toast.

Tomato Salad.—Remove the seeds from whole tomatoes. Place on ice. When very cold fill with shredded water cress, adding a little mayonnaise, serve on lettuce leaves surrounded by cracked ice. Finely chopped celery may be substituted for the cress.

Tomato Salad.—To one pint can of tomatoes add a sprig of parsley, a slice of onion, six cloves and salt and pepper, cook, covered, twenty minutes; then strain through a fine sieve and return to the stove. Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of cold water for half an hour; rub smooth; pour into the hot tomato; remove from the fire, stir smooth and add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Pour into a wet mold and let stand eight hours; cut in dice; lay on a bed of lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise.

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